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HOODWINK

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* this time: number three

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E N T S



from True Paranoid Facts

Send .75¢ postage per copy to Hoodwink Zine c/o
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drawing: Omar Anjulo

cover photo from The Family of Children

INTRO:

For the first time in the six that I've made a zine, I had to pay for the photocopies to print this zine. Obvious complications arose, the most obvious being a .25¢ raise in the mail order price. This is how it works: postage to send a zine this size costs .65¢ - I only asked for .50¢ because the money I lost in mailings I made up for by selling copies at shows for the same price (thus removing all expenses). Apart from the fact that I give most of the zines at shows away for free, with printing costs included this just isn't adding up anymore. I'm keeping it as cheap as possible and spending some of my money in the process. No one except me can complain.

Other consequences:

Many ideas for this issue (and others to follow it) have been done away with for the sake of economics, including six to eight pages of material and a Believers' interview.

More of my writings and ideas are going to start being included, not out of conceit, but simply because they are what is most important to me. That is my concept of a zine: one person's underground, low-cost, artistic-expression operation. Pretty neat, huh? I almost want to make a zine with just my opinions, but I'd probably get shot at the next show or something.

The reason I don't do music reviews anymore is also pretty simple: there doesn't seem to be any reason to keep printing what my friends and I think is good or bad about music. We aren't any

kind of experts, so who cares what we think? Listening to a biased opinion on something as flexible as music is a complete waste of time. It's nice to find out about bands on your own, and what makes one person feel a certain way may not do the same for another person. I don't need pulp to fill the pages of my product. What I may decide to do along those lines is a playlist kind of thing. We'll have to wait and see.

For anyone who is interested in ad space (for whatever it is they're doing) in this zine, it's free, but I don't print pieces of promo packages for big record companies I don't like or zines I don't know. Without meaning to offend anyone, I want to know who you are and what you're doing before I support your operation through my own.

Thank you Carolyn (regardless), Mom, Salvador Fernandez and Harold Koning, The Moshpit Steamroller Kevin Nash (my summer home is calling), Dan Goriostiaga, Ray Titus, Mary Titus, and the Believers, not to mention Chad (for the nice housing), Omar Anjulo, AIC Chris Nelson, Hoss a.k.a. Chris Hutchinson, Carlos Mesa, Tony & Chuck, Kathleen & Joy, Martin Sprouse and the rest of MRR for the nice review and picture, Kent McClard, Rick from Miami Sound Studios, and last but not least Tomas for the inspiration of about half this issue.

-David/
Hoodwink Zine



OSECHOWSKI:

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF . . . RIGHT. FUNNY, HUH? I'LL TELL YOU- HE'S MY MOM'S 2ND COUSIN . . . I THINK. ANYWAY, I KNOW HE'S RELATED SOMEHOW. ALWAYS USED TO EAT AT THIS ONE PLACE- HE DID MIND YOU. HAD AN EGG (SOFT POACHED) THAT FATEFUL (OH, SO FATEFUL) DAY. SAID HE DID ANYWAY. SO, HE FINISHES HIS MEAL, LEAVES THE STANDARD 15% TIP, PAYS THE TAB AND PUTS A TOOTHPICK, A TOOTHPICK- THE IRONY, IN HIS LAP. UNDOES HIS TOP TROUSER BUTTON AS HE GOES OUTSIDE. NOW, ALL HIS BLOOD'S IN HIS STOMACH LEAVING ONLY A SPARSE AMOUNT IN THE BRAIN CELLS. DIGESTION. LIGHT-HEADEDNESS. HE'S DIZZY AS HE STEPS ONTO THE WARM SUMMER ASPHALT. THERE IT IS. MOWING DOWN ITS ROUTE LIKE A 2 TON DIESEL- A 2 TON BUS. HONKING. SPEEDING. AIR BRAKES BLEEDED AND SCREAMING. 2 PIECES OF MATTER CANNOT OCCUPY THE SAME SPACE AT THE SAME TIME AND THIS BUS IS RAPIDLY ABOUT TO ACQUIRE THE SPACE HE'S IN. AT THAT POINT. SAID THE LAST THING HE SAW WAS THE EYEBALLS BUGGING OUT OF THE DRIVER'S BEET RED FACE AND A LITTLE DAY-GLO JESUS STATUETTE BOBBING ON THE DASH INSIDE THE BUS WINDSHIELD. WHOMP! TOOK IT ALL TO THE JAW. YEAH. THE JAW. 74 HOURS LATER HE WAKES UP. GROGGY. FEELS HIS JAW. REMEMBERS THE JESUS STATUETTE AND THE SMELL OF BURNING PETROLEUM AND THE BLACKNESS. WOODEN. YEAH WOODEN. HIS TOTAL LOWER JAW GOT REMOVED RIGHT AT THE POINT WHERE IT MEETS HIS TOP SKULL HALF. THEY REPLACED IT. WOODEN DAMNED IF IT ISN'T. REPLACED HIS JAW WITH A WOODEN FAC-SIMILE. STILL HAS IT. MAHOGANY, TOO. KIND OF KNOTTY. DOESN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT GINGIVITIS. OR CAVITIES.

Just roadstools.

HW: What direct political advice would you condense for people who were ready to act on it?

T: Don't cloud your mind. Don't take drugs, don't watch TV . . . I'm a fanatic, so I'll say it in strong terms. You can dilute it to



T O M A S



Conducted over the AT&T phone network, this in-depth interview is probably the most interesting one I've ever been a part of. Tomas, formerly of Beefeater and presently of Fidelity Jones, has been a motivating factor in the DC alternative scene and to me for a long time now. There were some airplanes flying over my house, so words were unfortunately lost a couple of times. All pictures by Tomas unless otherwise noted.

HW: What's influencing the music you're making now? Mostly the gospel?

T: Yeah, but any group I've ever been in, and you can check your history to verify this, has always been a wacky bunch of very different people. It's always four people from completely divergent backgrounds, and it's the same thing now. Everybody in our group comes from very different backgrounds that make them the way they are. As for myself, the gospel and message- and energy- from punk music are very strong.

HW: So where do you think that's all going with Fidelity Jones?

T: Oh, I'm not a man to think in the future.

HW: Well then, since the record, what kind of music have you been making? [airplane noises, something about Beefeater and experimentation]

T: It's the same thing with Fidelity Jones. That record was something we did after we hadn't been together that long. It's some of

our earlier songs, and you can tell they're very deliberate in what they're trying to bring about, rather than just naturally written songs... They're rather heavy-handed in what they're trying to express.

HW: And that's not the impression you're trying to make?

T: We're doing the same thing, it's just a little more natural now. We're more into better songwriting. We're more used to playing with one another and we're more used to being professional in the way we lay a song together, instead of just jumping on something and forcing it to work. It's just much more natural...

HW: It sounds like you're not very happy with the record.

T: It's not that I'm not happy with it, but it definitely reflects a group that was in its earlier stages.



S Q U I P

HW: With Fidelity Jones, like you were saying, it doesn't seem as heavy-handed as before. Has there been a conscious "toning down" in the message?

T: No, I'm just getting old. That's the last thing you want to hear—

HW: Yeah, it is.

T: Well, I don't know. In a way it's true. People tell me that. They'll mention it and say things like, "He's not angry anymore." I'm furious! But I'm not just coming out and yelling what's on my mind anymore. I try

interview

to put it in a little more aesthetic medium, rather than just emotion. I'm still saying the same things, and I'm still saying them from the same angle, too. But instead of just making a point—like making a song just about capital punishment or making a song just about animal rights—this time I try to put it in more . . . It's not like a diluted



Tommy Squip on his best side

project, it's more of an evolution in how I address the world.

HW: So it's "maturing", and the band is just following that?

T: True, true... but at the same time... Oh, I've lost my point. You'll have to go on to the next question. See?! My brain is slowing down! I'm even giving you an example.

HW: How old are you now?

T: Twenty-seven.

HW: You knew that one!

T: Heh heh heh.

HW: What are your new lyrics about? What's the feeling like?

T: Well, to tell you the truth, you were asking me whether I was still angry or not, and, in-deed, there's streaks of me that are. I'm not a person that thinks about myself too much, but I think I'm becoming more of a person who is more regretful and sad than I used to be. And less hopeful. The lyrics are still with hope, but they're also increasingly about a down point of view of what the world is going through, rather than just chanting human rights because it seems like people are almost incapable of human rights.

HW: Yeah... what I've heard some people say is that animals aren't even in the picture yet. It makes me think, you know.

T: Yeah, which is fine, but people won't get liberated if they're trying to find an answer while neglecting the big picture. The big picture is that you have to be good to Mother Nature, before you can address anything else - before you can continue the human species - and they're all, "Well, no that's not true. First of all, we have to address..." what do you call that shit that comes out of your car?

HW: Fluorocarbons. [I actually said that.]

T: Yeah, emissions and jobs and whatnot... You know, those things'll take care of themselves if you're good to life. They're always running around trying to find what's real, and they keep bypassing the ground floor, which is that you're an animal. You've

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got to treat yourself like an animal would - feed yourself good food, look after your young, look after your surroundings, bury your turds... First of all, most of your problems will have dissipated if you've mastered that, but if not you'll be in a progressive state of mind and you'll be able to deal with things rather than just being overwhelmed by a million little details that you've created

HW: It seems like specific things lead to the ideology behind it, instead of vice versa. Saying, "Go and live your life right," is way too hard for most people, but "do this because of this" is more step-by-step.

T: Yeah, you're right, and I'll never get down on anybody for being in Greenpeace or for being into anti-apartheid activity or anything like that ... because the fruit of the cake is in the eating, as they say. Well, they don't say that but I just did.

What I was saying is that it's just a ground rule, but it's not really applicable. You're right, but just to keep the human capability in mind, it's true that you can address specifics, but don't get carried away by them. It's true that we should get rid of all capitalist motherfuckers -uh, I'm sorry. I don't usually call people dirty names, cuz they're on the other side of the fence ...

But in general it's true, like big bosses and capitalist apologists and all this crap. It's true that we need to get workers' rights and equal pay and representation and women's equality, and you can be a fighter for that cause, because everybody's got their own predisposition, like my thing might be nature, but someone else might be really into fixing things. You can fix things, but fix good things. Don't just be a laborer. Some people might be into engineering or computers or something ... There's room for everybody, but do it for a good purpose. You can't just do it because you're caught in your world, and the only way to engage it in the world system is to join it. We can make an alternative system.

HW: So you want to make an alternative, rebellious system to the one we have?

T: Yeah, I'm into tearing down all that crap.

HW: But in an organized way, right?

T: You're saying that instead of going out and fighting in the streets we should rebuild.

HW: Exactly.

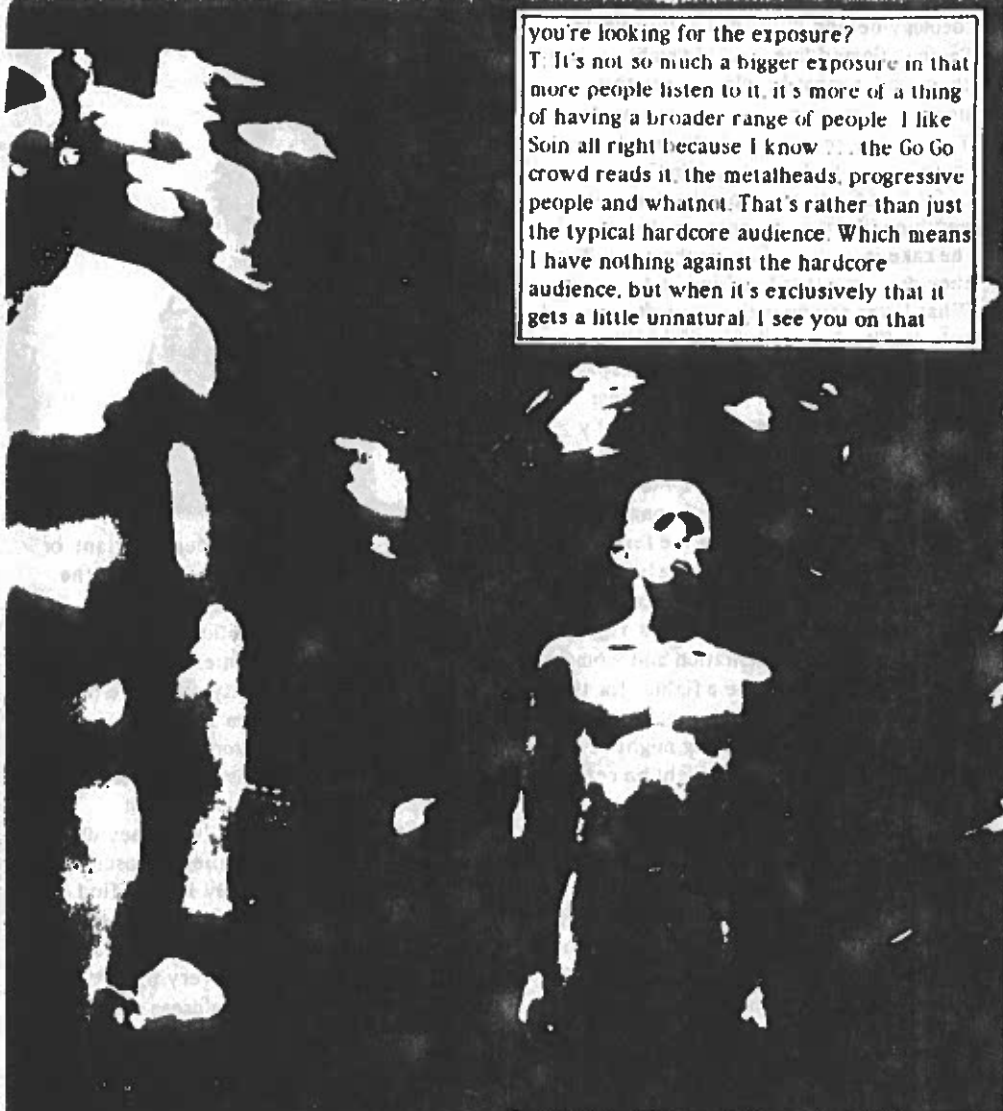
T: Well, there's room for both of those things. You've got to keep the life in it. If you don't do it a creative way you'll just be another victim. In fact, it's true that you can address it in any way. You can put artistic means to everything you tackle. But yes, some things have to be dismantled rather than blown up.



HW: Why have you been reluctant, or maybe "selective" is a better word, in the interviews you've been doing?

T: I guess it's just a question of that in the past I've given a lot of interviews. A whole bunch of them, and pretty extensive ones, and whenever I do them I'll be straightforward but I won't handle stark questions with stark answers. At least with Beefeater, in the earlier days, most interviews don't come out. Or if they do come out it's in really limited exposure and really amateurish. Usually I try to find out if the person's put out a few issues of their publication ... The thing with zines is that, traditionally, they have a very limited readership and I like to address more of a general public. I'm not putting down what you're doing, I'm just saying that if given the choice I'd rather do an interview for People magazine or something, because I like to get at something other than a certain age group or a certain interest group. It's the same way with gigs. You know, I always feel uncomfortable playing a ... "all ages show" because it's always the same kinds of kids coming in. I feel much happier playing an outdoor festival with people just walking by, like businessmen or bums or any other kinds of people.

HW: Without meaning to question your integrity or anything like that, Dischord doesn't seem like the best place to get that "general public" exposure you're looking for. The only places I've seen ads for your



you're looking for the exposure?

T: It's not so much a bigger exposure in that more people listen to it, it's more of a thing of having a broader range of people. I like *Spin* all right because I know... the Go Go crowd reads it, the metalheads, progressive people and whatnot. That's rather than just the typical hardcore audience. Which means I have nothing against the hardcore audience, but when it's exclusively that it gets a little unnatural. I see you on that

records! is in hardcore zines and the only kids that usually buy the Dischord records are the hardcore kids...

T: Yeah, but the reason I'm in love with Dischord and the reason I keep frequenting them is that, beyond the listenership, they are perfectly honest and without bullshit. That's the best way, because I'm not dealing with any... press-package... or promo this and promo-that. They're just straight-ahead doing what they do.

HW: So you would prefer doing something in *Spin* or something like that, just because


point about Dischord, though. I completely agree with you.

HW: Yeah, I mean, as far as how Dischord is run from within it makes perfect sense, but when you compare it to a lot of other things you could be doing... For instance, I'm sure that's why someone like Henry Rollins isn't on Dischord, because he probably wouldn't get the variety and would feel pretty limited with it.

T: True, true.

HW: Anyway, how did Beefeater come to exist and why did you disband?

T: Um... As to why it existed, it's hard to



say. Everybody makes music for their own purpose. I don't know why the other three guys did it, specifically. I know I needed to be in ... a valve. A vent. A release. And I wanted to be in a group that would bring some sense back into music, because at the time I felt that a lot of music had become safe. Not necessarily in our scene, but, just

as a whole, music had drifted away from the message aspect and the sincerity aspect. H/W. Drifting away from those things since when, would you say? I don't think 50's pop music had much message or emotion behind it.

T: No, not at all. But even within the punk scene, more or less. When punk was new, it didn't need to do anything. Just by virtue of being new it had its own weight to carry, but as it started becoming older it became more routine and the original intent was only imitated. It couldn't perpetuate itself. So people started imitating ... stagediving and everything like that. In the old days,

PLAYS FOR
LOVERS

ph: Chris

when people stagedived they did it because they had this explosive energy and they were flipping out at the concert. You know, nowadays, even within the last six or seven years, you go to a gig and people

stagediving is just some happy thing kids do.. It's the same sort of parallel with what happened to music. Originally it was just a spontaneous wildness, then afterwards it was just necessary to have that kind of delivery, even without any particular feeling for what you were doing.

HW: And I guess you see that happening more and more now.

T: With punk and hardcore? Absolutely, because that wore itself out a decade ago, and I think that anybody who makes any sense would understand that the original intent of punk disappeared around 1982 or 1983.

HW: But don't you think the energy's still there?

T: Yeah, but now it doesn't have the same vehicle. Punk was this big bandwagon and anybody who needed to express themselves in that means jumped on that and had that venue available to them - which is a fine thing, a great thing! - but now the scene is so that everybody has gone their own way and there's no one banner to rally under. So the energy's still there, but it's not unified in any one direction, which means that people's intentions can be just as true, but it doesn't come across as a movement anymore. It's just individuals ...

HW: Hmmmm.

HW: Why did Beefeater stop working?

T: That was just a case of where Dug and myself were drifting more towards the policy and honesty, dealings, that kind of thing, and also towards message. Fred the guitarist and whatever drummer we had at the time were always more towards success and playing around, just rocking and rolling, more or less, instead of pushing these moral issues.

HW: What are those guys doing now?

T: Fred is in a group called Strange Boutique, and he's been in that since we broke up. To tell you the truth, I've never seen them ... But they've got their own following now, which is a very different one from what Beefeater did. They call it Goth-rock, but I've never really been into that type of music. It has something to do with the Gothic ...

HW: Sounds pretty cool.

T: Kenny - I'm not sure. He was in

Kingface for a while, then he was in the Rhythm Pigs ... I'll tell you, I think he got married. Yeah, I think he got married.

HW: How big a part of Beefeater was a concern for animal rights? Was that the reason for the name?

T: Yeah, I don't believe ... well, Dug and I were the only vegetarians in the group, and at the time we were really into animal rights, specifically, and that was a big part of my message, because I'm a nature boy.

HW: A "nature boy"?

T: Yeah, Nature Boy. You can put that down.

HW: What does that mean, exactly?

T: It means somebody that is in love with nature. I love animal rights and ecological concerns, and at the time I was a little more specific about addressing that. Now, in Fidelity Jones, I'm still the same person - I haven't changed a whole lot - but I don't try to be a group for animal rights, I try to be a group for expression.

HW: Then was the name Beefeater sarcastic?

T: Well, it wasn't so much sarcastic, it was just deliberately the opposite of everything ... Well, yeah, I guess it was sarcastic.

HW: I don't mean sarcastic as in "cynical".

T: Yeah, but of course it represented the opposite of our beliefs, and it also represented the alcohol, which is something else we're not into.

HW: What do you enjoy the most about playing live?

T: Um ... Having a good venue is always nice, but it's definitely not a pre-condition for a good gig. You know, having a good stage and somelights and a good PA is always a pleasure, but it has nothing to do with whether the gig will turn out good or not. The most important thing from my perspective is the way the audience reacts to what you're doing. And the degree to which they react, so much the better for them. The best condition is obviously going to be when people are physically and emotionally plugged into what you're doing, which is a pretty rare thing. It's pretty rare that people will open up to what you're doing.

HW: Why did you used to run around naked all the time?

T: I like nakedness. I told you, I'm a nature boy, man. That's as far as it goes, at least on my end of it. People put all these implications on it, but I have no implications on it. I just told you I'm celibate, so it's nothing sexual or anything like that. I just like nakedness. It really disturbs people and I like to disturb people. It really opens up their eyes and they start taking sides and getting jumbled as to what I'm doing. Even such an innocent act as taking off your pants and people are going, "Oh wow! Oh wow! What's happening?"

HW: Why does the new pressing of "Need A Job" 12" have no lyrics, and does the old one, because I haven't seen it yet?

T: Someone told me that someone in Europe republished it, but I don't know anything about it.

HW: You haven't even seen it?

T: No, I'm not a person to deal with that kind of stuff. I write songs and that's it. If you need anything concrete about the group or business or records or sales, talk to the other three.

HW: Well, I was wondering because I can't understand what you were saying. I can't make out the words-

T: Oh, I see.

HW: It's not that I want a sheet of paper in the record, I'd just like to know what's being said.

T: Okay. Yeah, I don't know what to do about that. Buy an old one? Heh heh. Is it a new label or something?

HW: I don't know, but I'm pretty sure it's from England.

T: Well, if you feel like it, I think I've got two or three copies of the old one still laying around here- maybe I can mail you one.

HW: Yeah! That'd be great! Do you want me to send you the new one?

T: No, I don't have a record player.

HW: Then how do you listen to music?

T: I don't, really. I listen to Gospel music on Sunday morning where I work. See, I'm living in a homeless shelter, actually, and I don't have many possessions anymore. I have conga drums, guitar ... heh heh. I got rid of almost everything else.

HW: I was going to ask you about your economic situation and what's behind it,

because it seems completely deliberate.

T: Where I work and all that?

HW: Yeah, and how you live.

T: Yeah, absolutely. It's not just altruism that drove me to that, it's also that I'm a person who doesn't like material things. I always used to volunteer with homeless shelters in this area, because DC is also the capital of homelessness, as well as illiteracy, dropout rate, murder ... But anyway, I used to do a lot of volunteering with Mitch Snyder's group - I don't know if you hear about him down there- and he's got a group called the Community for Creative Non-Violence. He's sort of the guru of the homeless movement right now, which is alright with me, man, because he's a good guy. But finally I moved in, so I live, not in that one but in a related shelter.

HW: In listening to some of the records you've been on, the tendency towards complete non-violence really impressed me- not really in a good or bad way, but it was really unusual. Is that a philosophy that you believe in completely?

T: Yeah. Well, I'm like anybody else. I'll shift with the wind. There are times when I get caught up in the crowd sentiment and I'll say, "Yeah yeah yeah! Burn the white bastards! Let the blood flow!" But intellectually I know that-
[Tape is cut off. Sides switched.]

T: Yeah, I was just concluding my thought about non-violence. I might be biased or what have you, but when I read Gandhi it just strikes me as utter truth. He just had it together. Even though I don't always go around thinking non-violently or preaching non-violence, because I don't know how I would always act under certain situations, when it comes down to it-

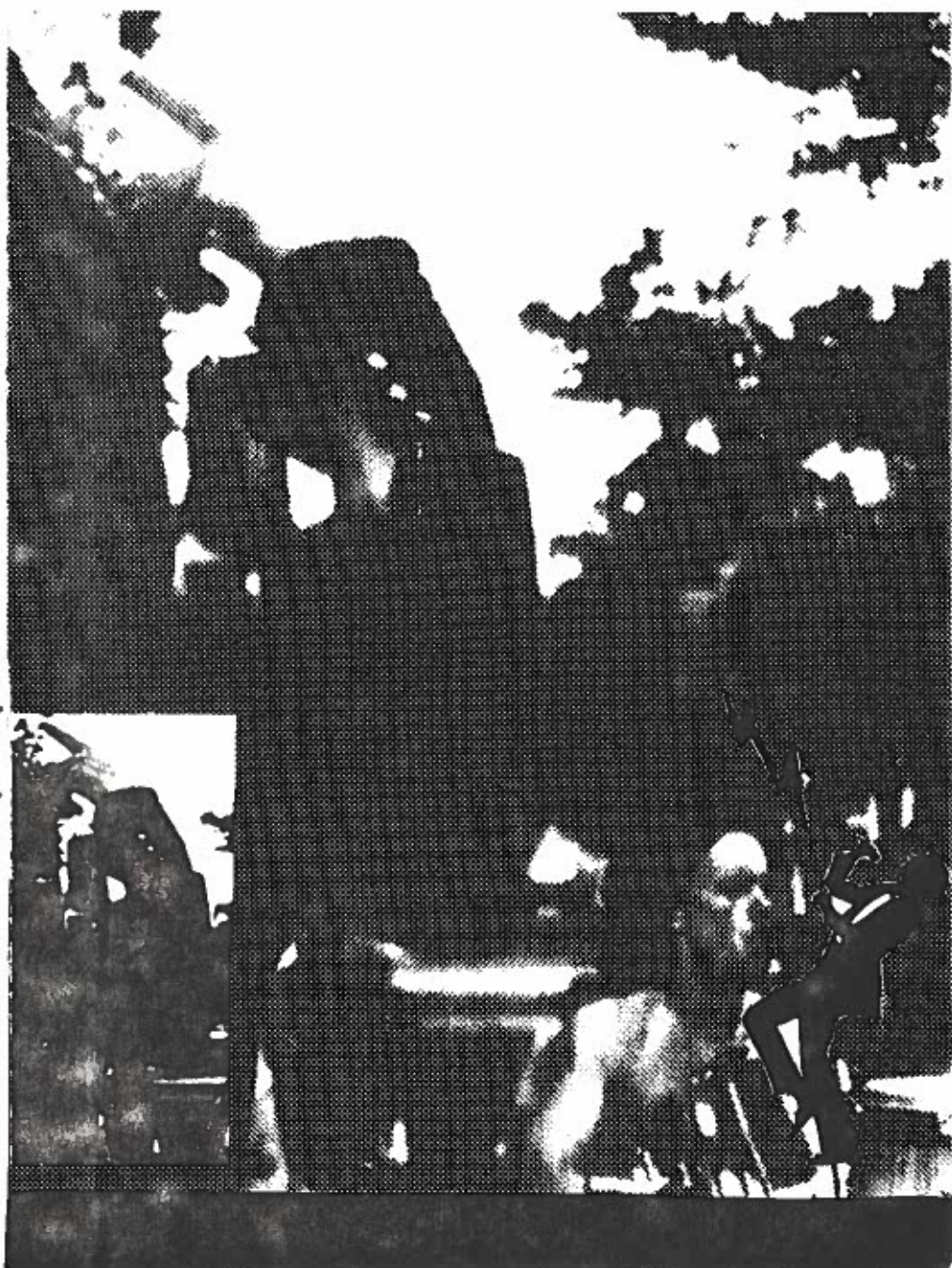
HW: Does it "come down to it" a lot?

T: It's a little finer point than that. For instance, I believe that the vibration you give out also affects the way people address you, and I got a real calm disposition. You know, I meet people that tell me, "Oh, I'm always getting in fights, people are always picking on me ..." People never pick on me! I think what your state of mind is has a lot to do with how much trouble you run into. So I'm not going to take a stand on how I'd react to a certain situation. I've been in a lot

F I D E L I T



Y J O N E S



of bad situations and I know a lot of other people who bring themselves into them—like in demonstrations for instance. Are they going to be civil disobedience or are they going to be anarchists? I'll never get down on an anarchists for throwing a fire bomb at a South African embassy, or at a meat factory or something like that. Or burning down a McDonald's. I'm way behind that, but I won't take a stand well, I just took a stand. I don't want to set myself on either side of the issue.

HW: Then you mean it's not something you'd go out and do, necessarily?

T: Yeah, but I can't really react, unless I thought a certain issue through. All I'm saying, and I can put my word behind this, is that non-violence is the way. Definitely no question about it absolutely. But a lot of great minds—like I'll listen to Malcolm X and he'll be saying some very things in defense of violence, but at the same time, I evaluate him next to Gandhi or anyone else following Gandhian thought, and Gandhi comes out on top. No question about it. Malcolm X will come out with what appears to be a very logical argument like, "I'll lay down my arms when the oppressors lay down their arms. I won't be non-violent unless people are non-violent to me. If they are violent with me, I will be violent back." And somebody might think, "Yeah, That's right! That's where we should be!" But, in fact, if you look at Gandhi, he'll have the next step further in the process. He's thought it through to its conclusion. Gandhi will be closer to the truth. . . .

HW: The only thing I've ever felt in direct conflict with you about was when you said that you had goodwill for all mankind ("Insurrection Chant"). How can I possibly have goodwill for mankind when I hate so much of it, when it's been such a complete disaster for the last 2,000 years?

T: Right. I was making that analogy to someone else a few days ago. They talk about, "What can you do? What can you do?" I said for one thing you can't change the way of the world. I hate to make it sound that way, but you can't change the way of the world unless you're a shining hero . . . and those are rare. Don't stop

because I said that, but the thing is if you join the fight or withhold from the fight, the fight will go on. There are some 5 billion people rushing headlong into the destruction of the world, so by stepping back you're not going to affect the rest because the rest is overwhelmingly against you. But one thing you can do is militantly decide you're not going to be part of the crime. It's a marvellous crime the people are getting with, and they're not even going to be aware of it until it's over. But it's a crime, in the simplest sense of the word. It's a crime even if withholding your contribution has no influence whatsoever, you can at least wash your hands of it. You can say, "Well, I did what I could . . . but, more importantly, I did not participate."

There might be a million people lynching a man and there'll be no chance in the world of your saving him, but you can step back and say, "I'm having no part of this. I didn't watch and I didn't giggle or throw the rope or anything. He's going to die anyway, but at least that's how I stand. I took no part."

And that's how I stand now.

HW: And it's the world's lynching?

T: Oh, yeah. And it's so much a malicious act. It's more of a display of ignorance. People just get confused as to their position.

HW: What about love? Is that a big part of it for you?

T: Well, that's why I said I have goodwill for all mankind, you know. I don't hate people. Don't get me wrong—if you talk to someone close to me they'll say, "Don't believe him! He hates people," because I'm always bustin' on people. I'm always so impressed by people's stupidity and I'm always mentioning it. I'm always going, "Look at those idiots! Look at what they're doing! Look at that dumbhead! Why the hell is he doing that everyday?" But I have goodwill for all mankind because I see people as being a pure and good creature. Just like a child is good. He might shit on himself, but that's not stupidity, that's just the nature of the thing. But once people start making choices, making wrong choices, then they can turn into a monstrosity. I can hate the choices they make, I can hate the actions they commit, but at the same time I can find the good in humanity.

what you said, and it had nothing to do with the Krishnas, but it made it seem like you supported the whole operation . . .

T: Actually it's the other way around. That

was a very deliberate thing. I didn't know how I was being represented. The guy who published it said he wanted me to say how I felt about the Ghita, and I said I liked it very much because it's a very special book and it really is! It's a beauty and that's all I said. I deliberately put it in words that meant that was all I was saying: I like the book. I don't take a position one way or another on that movement. Also, I said "The Ghita", which is the scripture, not "Ghita: As It Is", which is the Krishnas' specific version.



HW: How do you feel about drug use, both on a personal basis and as a sociological trend?

T: I don't like drugs at all. I think there's a time and place for them, but I also don't think Western man has any idea what that is.

HW: As what? Healing?

T: As healing and as a spiritual connection. Most people would jump under the guise of spiritual connection, but most of them are just going for . . . what do you call it? "Mellowing out"? Heh heh heh.

BEEFEATER



H O U S E B U R N I N G D O W N

HW: What about sexual relationships?

T: Well, I'm what you call celibate in that, I don't do that. But I'm not a priest, either. If I see a naked woman I don't avert my head. But ... I don't screw people. Let's just put it that way. And that's pretty much how I feel about other people. Like I'm not a man to make children, even when I get older, but I'm not against making children. I am against frivolously screwing all the time.

HW: What's your reasoning for that? Most people wouldn't see it.

T: True, true ... It's ... more than I could explain in an interview ...

HW: I can understand that.

T: Insofar as making children, I think if somebody had any concern for their world, instead of their own ego, they would put their beliefs to practice in their own lives, rather than just chanting one thing and then applying another to themselves.

There's something I came to recently: people will never connect themselves to a bigger problem. They always think that there's a problem in the world, and then there's their life. They don't see the big family, and it's the same with

overpopulation. Everybody with a head on their shoulders knows that the world is grossly overpopulated, but when it's time for them to have a child that's not an issue. The issue is the job, wife, happy, whatever whatever.

HW: It's picturing a million Asians having children, not themselves.

T: Specifically. And it's the same with other things. They know about the pollution problem, but how they live doesn't affect it one way or another. It's just a basic, logical thing. My main thing is don't make children. If you want a child, fist of all, wonder why. And if you come up with a reason that's good enough, then adopt one of the billions of children that are too many in the world, instead of making more just because you need a special one for you.

HW: That's totally apart from the celibacy.

T: Yeah.

HW: I saw this thing from New York City called the Razor's Edge-

T: Yeah.

HW: They quoted you in an ad for one of the books they sell. I'm sure you remember



STANLEY FORMAN BOSTON HERALD AMERICAN

As for the actions of this government in the past, as disgusting as they are, they are in the past (except for our present day problems that take root before 1900 or so). There's enough bullshit and corruption in the present establishment that you could make a great case for burning down the fucking White House, so you don't need to bring back something from the dead and give people the excuse of your making them feel like they had nothing to do with it. Tell them about today and tell them about how you think it's their fault (or do something about it), then go on.

As for both of you groups of people, no, the American flag doesn't mean a whole lot to me. Why? Not because it's a symbol for George Bush, the CIA, the American military, or any other part of that, and not because of anything the U.S. government has done in the past, including the killings of millions of innocent people here and abroad ... the American flag doesn't mean

shit to me because the only places I see American flags in 1990 are in car sales' dealerships, on "God, Guns, & Guts" bumper stickers, and on the sleeves of Nazi (and otherwise) skinheads. That's another thing: why doesn't anybody get offended when they see these people walking down the street with patches of the flag on their arm, obviously attaching it to their actions and beliefs, but raise hell at a pile of burning cloth? Why is it ok to have John Metzger on TV saying he wants to bring back "decent American values" through segregation and white supremacy, but it's socially illegal to say that the government sucks by burning it symbolically? I'll tell you why ...

Because, deep-down, the people around us - all around us, and you might be one of them - would rather associate themselves to racism and violence than to being unpatriotic. I honestly and completely believe this. Most people are racists anyway but they know they don't have a

chance in this society if they say they hate that self-same and self-serving society. I suppose it comes down to a conformity thing in the end, then. Those "decent American values" John Metzger talks about? Except for the part about decency, he's right! Average American values are a racist pile of shit.

For a little more perspective, I would remind myself that my point at the beginning of this was going to be, "Why do we have to argue about this so much? I've never even seen a flag burned. It doesn't matter one way or the other." I know why now. In the process of writing this I found out that there are too many things connected to this for it to be taken lightly or brushed off. Lastly, I'm not accusing anybody of anything. If you have something to say to me about it, be cool. I'll listen.

Look out for Flame-Thrower Club meetings at The Pit sometime soon.

People being afraid of power is not a new thing for most psychologists, but it is for me. Especially physical power, probably because that's the most obvious kind. We stay away from it as much as possible, as far away as possible, or we try to worm our way into getting the power on our sides ...

by socializing and kissing ass, among other things. There's all kinds of power. Power can be between just two people, and abused personally just as easily as with a group. When we have enough courage, we try to make ourselves more powerful - it's just the lazy ones, or maybe the wise ones, too, that don't work at this. The lazy ones because they don't bother and don't have the discipline; the wise ones because they think it's useless. I know about the lazy ones because, in a lot of ways, I'm one of them; the wise ones I don't have the slightest idea about. I guess you'd know if you were one of them.

All of this, I think, comes from the fact that we know our own weaknesses, not the ones of the next person, so that we all think we're less than that "next person." Always having to prove yourself, to yourself: inferiority complex in the first degree.

In school (that's where I'm at), what teacher's classes are all the kids most quiet in? In my school, it's the football coach with huge muscles with the kick-anyone's-ass attitude. They usually can't teach worth a shit, but never mind that. In some schools, it's the Vietnam vet psycho who has flashbacks and teaches packing a straight edge razor. No joke. What can I tell you, I guess I don't go to a very rough school. The point is, in a case like that, fear goes way

White Rights

PRAISE GOD FOR AIDS

Write to these people EXPRESSING INTEREST (otherwise they won't respond) and SENDING NO MONEY. Ask them to send you whatever "information" they can. Bleed them dry through the US Postal Service ... I figured it out that if everyone who reads Hoodwink does this, they will have wasted \$50 sending their propaganda to people who would just as soon kick them in the teeth. Also, if you see a stack of these sitting somewhere, DO take the entire stack and toss it in the nearest trash can. I only wish they didn't give themselves such a misleading name. Amen

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J. B. Stoner, Leader
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over respect. Conversing with mom,

"WHAT THE FUCK?"

"Don't use that kind of language with me!"

"Why the fuck NOT?"

BECAUSE IT'S TOO STRONG. Don't worry though, that's not what hurts you most of the time. If you find that you have a power you didn't know you had, don't abuse it- it's like the story about the toughest kid on the block- someone will always have more in all the same places.

From the journal:

1.12.90-1:06 AM. I just got back from the show with Powerhouse and Quit at Club Beirut. Nights like these make me forget every complaint or disappointment I ever had about the South Florida scene. Everything I held against anyone just faded

away, it was all so cool. No fighting, no bad looks (actually, maybe one), no blood, new blood-

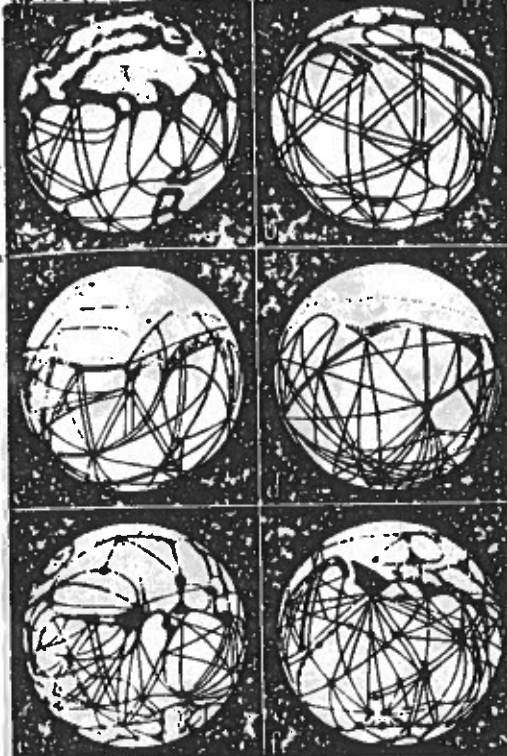
Shows like this remind me of why I ever went to a hardcore show in the first place: there is no other music like this. I did not feel stupid or bored like I do at almost any other kind of concert. All of my aggression was gone after the first five minutes, swallowed up by the flesh of the people all around me.

I stepped and jumped on people; they smiled and carried me around. Thank you everyone who was at that show. You made it all seem like it's still worth it.

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SEND STAMPS

PICTURE PAGE



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E



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DISCIPLINE:

1.

The shrill ringing of the schoolbell resounded throughout the hallways, and students scampered down stairs or into classrooms like well-trained laboratory mice. Only a few remained upstairs, talking or throwing books into lockers before heading down to the cafeteria. Jose Diaz, Tony Garcia, and Richard Delgado were among these few.

Jose pointed at a blonde, long-legged eighth-grade science teacher with large pointed breasts who was walking towards the stairs and told Tony that as long as he had a face, she had a place to sit. Tony threw his head back and laughed heartily. Next to them, Richard muttered obscene curses as he fought to keep the books in his locker from falling out while throwing still more inside. It was no easy task, and eventually a Chemistry book slid free. Richard tried to catch it as it fell, failed miserably, and lost two more in the process.

"Fuck it!" he shouted, dropping the rest of the books and repeatedly kicking the wall of lockers, forming a clanging uproar that was sure to disturb someone.

Tony grabbed Richard's arm and pulled him aside. "Hey man," he said, "calm down."

"Yeah," Joey said. "And stop shouting that shit so loud. Father Perez'll hear you." He nodded towards the end of the hall where the freshmen disciplinarian stood talking with Mrs. Mora. The disciplinarian was a tall, hefty, dark-skinned Latin American priest whose deadpan face resembled

that of a Mayan god's. A large oak paddle dangled from one of his hands, used to smack the buttocks of those decadent slobs who dared to leave their schoolshirts untucked.

Such was the discipline in a school of trivialities.

"Yeah, big deal," Richard muttered and stooped to pick up his books. Jose and Tony leaned down to help.

"So why're you so pissed?" Joey asked. "Jenny didn't put out last night?"

Tony chuckled. "I'll bet she did," he said. "Jenny always puts out. She wants it."

They finished picking up the books and as Richard put them in his locker, Jose asked, "So?"

Richard glanced at Jose and Tony and found that they were both staring at him. He closed the locker. "So what?" he asked.

Jose rolled his eyes and shifted his weight impatiently. He was short and stocky, and Richard thought he looked like a little boy when he did that.

"So didja fuck 'er?" he said through gritted teeth.

Richard shifted his gaze to look at Tony, who was tall and thin, his acne-ridden face swollen in a stupid grin.

Eager beavers, Richard thought. Then he looked back at Joey and said, clearly and calmly, "Man, I fucked her up the ass."

Jose and Tony hesitated for a moment and then exploded into loud wailing laughter, clutching their sides and muttering half-hearted disbelief ("No way . . . Bullshit . . . You're kidding") as Richard nodded that it was true.

Then he stopped nodding. Looking over Richard's shoulder, Jose and Tony went blank.

There was a hand clutching the back of Richard's neck, fat and sweaty like a moist tentacle. Richard tried to squirm free, to get a look at whoever was behind him, but the tentacle tightened its grip, holding him still. Jose was wide eyed, and Tony's mouth hung gaping, saliva dribbling from one corner. Neither could move. Then Richard felt hot foul breath on his neck, and a voice whispered like a serpent in his ear. "I hope you enjoyed it, boy, because it will never happen again."

It's Ms. Mack, Richard thought. Ms. Mack - the huge, block-bodied, pig-faced English teacher who was so vicious and uptight that even other teachers found her unpleasant. Not only that, but she smelled. An almost toxic stench - that seemed to mix garlic and grease with stale urine - oozed from the pores of her meaty skin. And although she was shunned by the faculty and despised by the students, Ms. Mack had very close ties to a great amount of participation in matters of school discipline ... which this most certainly was.

"C'mon," she bellowed, shoving Richard forward. She pointed at Jose and Tony. "And you two get downstairs. NOW!" They scooted away, heads bowed and shoulders hunched like reprimanded little children, not the seventeen year old men they supposedly were.

Ms. Mack gave Richard another shove. He stumbled forward silently, obediently, knowing better than to fight back. That would be futile. Better just to take his punishment and get it over with.

Finally, they reached the end of the hall and stood before Father Perez,

who looked down on them sternly like a judge.

"What is it," he said, his voice deep and resonant.

"This boy," Ms. Mack said, grabbing the back of Richard's neck once more, "has been sexually promiscuous. He is in need of discipline."

Richard winced as the meaty tentacle squeezed his neck. Then, for a moment, he glanced at Ms. Mora, the young, pretty, doll-faced teacher who'd been speaking with Father Perez. She was shorter than Richard and gazed up at him with big brown sympathetic eyes. Richard tried to smile at her, to show that he wasn't afraid, but she turned her back on him and walked away with an air of aristocracy. Bitch doesn't care, Richard thought.

"Okay," Perez said, "then take him to the auditorium, I'll get the others."

Ms. Mack's grip relaxed a bit. "Oh goodey," she cooed.

What the fuck? Richard thought.

"You know, Tony," Jose said, shielding his eyes with one hand to look up at the school building while lying on the freshly cut grass of the old football field, "When I first saw this school, back before starting seventh grade, when they took me and my parents on a tour of the building, back then I thought it looked like a university."

"Yeah," Tony mumbled through a mouthful of potato chips. He was sitting next to Jose, a theology book open on his lap, reading.

"You know what I think it looks like now?"

"No, what?"

"Like one of those private biological research hospitals in an old Cronenberg movie."

Tony laughed. A few yards away a little red-haired boy screamed for someone to throw him the football, he

was open.

"I'm not kidding, man. It's like that one in *Rabid*, remember, the really sinister-looking one where they fucked up that lady's armpit."

Tony was laughing harder now. "Her armpit?" he spat out incredulously.

"Yeah, don't you remember."

"I never saw that movie," Tony said, trying to regain his breath.

"Yes you did. You saw it at my house. The one with the woman with that boob-sucking thing under her arm."

"Sorry, man, I would've remembered that."

"You were probably drunk or something."

Tony cocked his head, as if in deep thought. "Maybe. It's possible."

"Anyway, that's what this school looks like. In fact, I bet there's some strange biological experimentation going on in there right at this moment."

"Jose."

"Yeah."

"You're talking shit again."

Jose sat up, gazing at the building. "Maybe. It's possible."

Neither of them spoke for awhile. Then Tony asked, "Whaddya think they're going to do to Rich?"

Jose tore his gaze from the school and looked down at the grass, wiping his dirty hands on his uniform school pants. "I don't know. Detention or something. No big deal."

Tony nodded. Jose checked his watch.

"C'mon," Jose said, standing up, "the bell's about to ring."

Tony stood up, and as they walked back into the building, he said, "You know, this school does sort of look like a private hospital, like a mental hospital or something."

"Yeah," Jose muttered, and the bell rang.

Mice scampered to and fro.

Lunch period was always a quiet time. The second floor hallways were deserted, desolate and grey, and the only sounds came from junior-high kids playing tag-football out in the field. Richard couldn't hear those sounds; the doors of the auditorium were too thick, too heavy. They sealed off the outside world.

He'd been sitting at the back of the auditorium, submerged in darkness and absolute silence, for what seemed like an eternity. In reality it was more like twenty minutes. Ms. Mack stood behind him, her heavy hands on his shoulders, making sure he didn't try to move. He wondered why she hadn't turned the lights on, but was afraid to ask. He also wondered what they were waiting for, but didn't really want to know. Whatever it was, it would be unpleasant.

As he waited, strange scary thoughts began to form in his head. He started to imagine that Ms. Mack, sadistic and sexually frustrated, was waiting for him to fall asleep so that she could rape him. But then again, why should she wait? She was stronger than him, she could force him to submit. Richard shuddered at the thought of her huge sweaty body of blubber engulfing him.

"Are you cold?" Ms. Mack asked, breaking the long silence.

"A little," Richard muttered weakly.

"Good," she said.

There was silence again, and Richard closed his eyes. He saw nothing with them open, anyway. Maybe he could sleep a bit. Then he remembered Ms. Mack behind him and reopened them. Sleep was out of the question.

Time passed. Richard's buttocks fell asleep. He'd begun to squirm uncomfortably when he heard noises coming from the front of the room. Mumbles, shuffling feet. There must be

some people up on the platform, he thought. Suddenly a bright white light shone in his face, exploded in his mind.

"Shit!" Richard muttered, blinded. He turned his head to the side, squeezed his eyes shut, saw spots. Ms. Mack slapped the back of his head with one tentacle.

"Stop that cussing," she said.

"My eyes . . ." Richard whined.

"SHUT UP!" a voice thundered from the front of the auditorium. The voice was deep, with a slight spanish accent. Richard tried opening his eyes a crack to see whose voice it was, but the light was too strong. He shut them again, rubbing them with his hands.

"REECHARD DELGADO," another voice boomed, this time with an extremely thick accent. Richard recognized it as Father Rosario's, the school's chief disciplinarian. He pictured Rosario in his mind: strong, fat, dark-skinned and dark-haired with bulging eyes, hooked nose, sagging cheeks and a bird mouth. He talked slowly, articulating every sound (even the wrong ones) so that it was almost painful to listen to him speak:

"ACCORDEENG TO MEES MOCK, YOU HAF BEAN ... ENGAGEENG EEN DEESGOSTEENG ... AND HORREEBLE ... SEXUAL ACTS ... EES DEES TROO?"

Richard said nothing. What could he say? He opened his eyes and stared down at the floor. Suddenly Ms. Mack grabbed a handful of his hair and pulled his head back. Again he was blinded and shut his eyes. Ms. Mack hissed in his ear: "Answer him, you little snot!"

"My eyes . . ." Richard whimpered. Ms. Mack reached down and clutched one of his eyelids between two maty tendrils. She pulled it open.

The white light burned into his eye, hammered his skull, sliced through into the center of his brain. Richard

screamed and squirmed and his eye rolled up in its socket, seeking shelter. Ms. Mack let go of his eyelid and fastened her hand to his neck again.

"Answer him, snott!" she spat.

But all Richard could do was
whimper and rub his eye.

"EET DOSENT MATTER, MEES MOCK...
I BELEEF YOU... AND I THINK THAT
WEE MOST IMPOSE STREET
DEESEEPLEEN... EN DEES MOTTERS."

"Thank you, Father. I agree completely," Ms. Mack said, satisfied.

Then the lights went out, and Richard heard footsteps moving towards him in the dark.

- C.J. Maddox

*(parts two and three to be featured
in upcoming issues of Hoodwink.)*

BONDAGE

G E A R



T I T U S :

After a hiatus of approximately six months it looks like we're finally getting some "all ages" venues. Smaller clubs in Miami Beach are testing out the South Florida underground scene and featuring local bands in early time slots (usually 8:00PM-10:00 or 11:00PM)- Alcohol-free and all ages. Yeah! Our thanks go out to Beirut, Jonestown, and Barracuda Beach for helping to keep the feeling alive. There is also a very strong possibility that there may be a larger venue opening on South Beach. Keep your eyes and ears open for the, hopefully soon, opening of the Thrash Can (good luck, Bobby). I hope everyone continues to support these efforts so we don't end up having a permanent hiatus. If things work out with the local shows- maybe we can convince the club owners to sponsor some "all ages" shows with national acts.

A little further north, in West Palm Beach, the Pit opened on New Year's eve. It has featured local bands from WPB and Fort Lauderdale- concentrating on the metal/thrash variety. The owner is looking to broaden his horizons, musically as well as geographically. I have offered my help in this effort and will be contacting all local Florida bands I know (and have phone numbers for) in the near future. The Pit is also trying to contact major labels and agents in hopes of putting on national acts.

I find it interesting to watch people who are still maturing rag on younger people who are doing exactly what they did at that stage in their development. Man, look at that idiot- no one does that anymore. "Don't you know that's for sissies." "Don't you know punks dead?" It looks to me like the Peter Principle works at all stages in life- with all lifestyles.

If we could have these moments on video we could see a mirrored image of ourselves doing this- but we would probably not see ourselves- the image would more likely reflect our parents, teachers, clergymen, or any other adult who has tried to prevent us from acting or dressing or thinking a certain way. Why? Because they just didn't under-

stand why we had to do it. (But just a few years earlier they were going through many of the same feelings.)

The metamorphosis of a human child to maturity (notice I didn't indicate adulthood, because adulthood means shit. I know plenty of 30 and 40-year olds will never mature.) spans many years and goes through many developmental phases- both physically and mentally. Some phases span several years, others pass quickly. As we pass through each phase we should, ideally, understand more about ourselves and our world. We should be able to glance back and say, "That was cool- I'm glad I did that" or "That really made me wiser and stronger."

We should, then, be able to pack that experience away, advance to the next phase and proceed with our maturing process. We should be also be able to look at someone younger, who is going through a phase we have passed, and offer them guidance and support instead of ragging on them. Some will stop acting, dressing, or thinking a certain way- just to be accepted. In many instances this could stifle a person's growth by interfering with the person's self-development.

Suppose you saw a real young kid with a new skateboard. You haven't skated for months- maybe even a year. You use to really enjoy it, but have gotten into other things- now that you're older. How would you react? Would you snicker at the kid because he can't even ollie yet? Would you talk to him about skating- maybe even show him some basics? Or would you look at him and say, "Skating's for sissies, man."

Second scenario: Suppose you were in a record store and some younger kid went to the import or underground section. They took out some Exploited or C.O.C. Would you snicker at the kid because he/she obviously doesn't know what's in now (and of course you do!)? [Ed. note: Yes, Mary, as a matter of fact, I do. Everyone knows it's Sheer Terror. -David]. Would you start talking to him or her about old stuff- and new stuff? Or would you say, "What the fuck are you listening to that

shit for? Nobody believes in that shit. You're a loser, man!"

In both instances the person who takes the first option is pretty passive and not really comfortable about what he/she might have done or thought. The person who chooses the second option shows someone who is very comfortable with what he/she once did and is not afraid to pass on encouragement. This person has self-confidence. The third person in each instance is one with a lot of insecurities who obviously feels inferior. Often it is a person who stopped acting, dressing or thinking a certain way because of pressures from someone else. And they are bitter about it. If someone stops doing something or changes in any way it should be only because that person wants to. To change for someone else will eventually make a person bitter.

I use to think that punk/hardcore/underground/alternative - or whatever term you wish to use - was supposed to be tolerant of people for their ideas, their music and their lifestyle. It was not meant to be

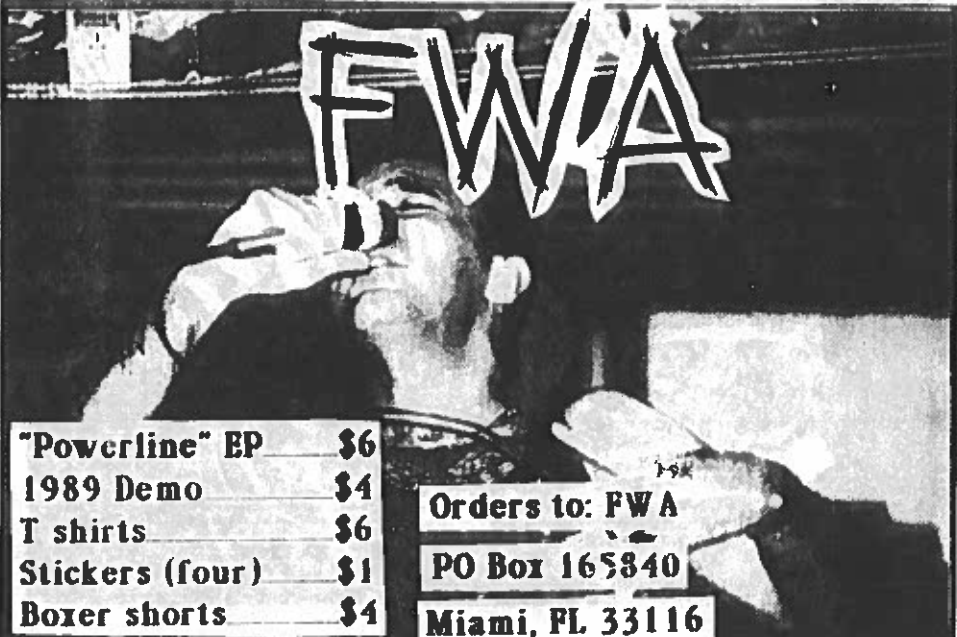
intolerant of others. That is not to say that everyone should accept as their own ideas and beliefs, everything. I don't accept many things into my own lifestyle, but I try to be tolerant of those who don't think, eat or listen to and enjoy the same music as I. (The one thing I cannot and will not ever tolerate, though, is any form of racism because racism is intolerance to God and humanity). And if someone asks my opinion I will express it - but not (I hope) in a condescending way.

So next time you see someone doing something you think is really dumb or immature - think back to when you were like that, look at that person's age and remember how you were - then look at yourself as you are now. If you weren't allowed to experience certain things you wouldn't be the person you are today. If that person you are today is ok and you are comfortable with it - then smile and support the other person. Thanks.

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Was she fast?

How fast?

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fancy that she had been
snatched away to a land
of picture.



"Let's fuck."

No mistaking who that sonnet was for: the bitch.



Today's
Romeos
get down
to bus-
iness.

We are still figuring out who Shakespeare was: Try picking him out of a line-up.

And see how easily he enters the language; but alas, seldom now through the bedroom window.

ART: Raymond Pettibon

HOSS





There is a
can you find the answer?

S A T O R I

Fiction by Carlos Mesa

(The following article, written anonymously, appeared in issue number 129 of Rare Discs magazine in March of 1986.)

Possibly the most sought after record by any serious collector of rare albums is *Satori*, an officially released bootleg recording of the Black Napkins' October, 1968, concert at the Sounds Theatre in Masterton, England. Not only is it this infamous band's final performance (none of the members have recorded another piece of music since), it is also an important piece of evidence in one of the most bizarre and controversial mysteries of modern times. The bootleg tape, withheld by the band for over nine years, was officially released in record and 8-track format in the spring of 1978, and then quickly recalled in summer of that same year. It was labeled obscene and dangerous by European and American authorities, who then proceeded to confiscate and destroy any copy they could get their hands on, including the original. Experts in the field believe that only three copies are still in existence today, and their value on the black market is well into the millions.

In order to understand the uproar over this record, one must know the story behind it, a story that has become a nearly forgotten myth in the elite circles of music and the occult, and a totally unknown occurrence in the minds of the masses.

Very little is known about the members of Black Napkins, before and after the concert. It is known that the band was composed of 5 members, all males, and that they all lived in Europe. Their names were the names of five of the apostles. They released only two official studio albums in their short career: the strange-but-funny *Dirty Lips* (1966), and a much darker (and much more beautiful, even brilliant) instrumental double-album, *Music For The Feast* (1967). Neither album was ever

released in the United States; the unintelligible lyrical content of *Dirty Lips* was labeled obscene, and the use of illegal sonic frequencies in *Music For The Feast* caused FCC officials to ban it, stating that the album was "hazardous to the common person's physical health and to some, might prove even fatal." The band gained a cult following in Masterton, England, but never caught on anywhere else. Eventually, both albums were recalled and went out of print. Today they are collector's items but in no way come close to achieving the monetary and historical status of the 1978 live album, *Satori*.

In 1968, after having their albums recalled and banned and their recording contract cancelled, Black Napkins decided that the only way to get their music to the people would be by performing live, and that the best place to start, the place where they would be most welcome, was Masterton. The Sounds Theatre was rented out, and the performance was scheduled for the night of October 31, 1968.

In the only interview he's ever granted, published in *Rolling Stone* magazine in 1970, band member Simon Peter gave his account of what took place that night:

S.P.: "It was absolutely incredible. We knew we had fans in Masterton, but the turnout number was ridiculous. All tickets were sold at the door, so some people actually camped out in front of the theatre for a couple of days just to be sure they'd get in. In the end, I think, we still had to turn people away. Guess they were the lucky ones, huh . . . [He giggles nervously.] Anyway, we took the stage at about a quarter to ten, ready to play all night long. We'd brought everything with us, except recording equipment. I don't know why or how, but somehow we knew even then that

it should be recorded. I remember we had so much equipment on stagewith us that we could barely see the audience. And the things we did wit that suff... my God. It was truly amazing.

R.S.: Like what?

S.P.: What, after what happened that night, you think I'd actually tell you, so someone else can read this crap and go out and do the same goddamn thing? You're bloody crazy!

R.S.: Exactly what was it that happened?

S.P.: [He pauses and sighs.] It was after midnight, right, and we were making our way through a strung-out version of "Let's Say Grace," with Matthew playing a recorded tape, over organ music, of his family saying grace before last year's Thanksgiving diner, with amplified chewing noises in the background, right, when all of a sudden this kind of... murmur starts up in the crowd, which was weird because they'd been really quiet during the music. But now it sounded like the whole place was talking, and talking loud. And then they were shouting, and none of us could believe it. We all looked at each other wide-eyed but kept on playing. And then pretty soon you could barely hear the music, they were shouting so loud. And I swear-- and I know four different languages-- and I swear I heard words in all of those different languages. The rest of the guys said so too, afterwards...

Anyway, the uproar was drowning out the music, and then all of a sudden there was no noise at all. I looked up, and the audience was gone, completely f@%!% gone. They just disappeared. We were alone."

Not quite alone. The missing audience left behind their clothes, and also, more importantly, one audience member left behind a duffel bag which contained a tape recorder: the infamous bootleg. The bootleg automatically became property of the band, who saw fit to lock it up somewhere where it would never be found. Three of the band members-- John, James, and Phillip-- became certifiably insane and were placed separate mental institutions, where they are still today. A fourth member, Judas

Isenhor, committed suicide on November 18, 1969. Peter has a cottage in the English countryside, where he has lived a solitary and seclude life ever since.

The sensation over this incident died out quickly. Although the audience members were nowhere to be found, and the band members were never charged, the majority of the people dismissed it as a hoax. Except in the Masterton area (where, with the passing of time, it became more legend than history), the incident was dismissed and forgotten, the same way that all unexplained mysteries are eventually forgotten.

Until January 29, 1978. On the morning of that day, five persons stumbled out of the long-abandoned Sounds Theatre, naked and weeping. They were all young strangers, and according to witnesses, they were wailing the same thing over and over: "No! Please no! Not back here again... not back here!" These five strangers were picked up by the police, given clothes, and then interrogated. It was discovered that these were five of the people who had been declared missing after the concert, and they were not glad to be back. They claimed that, through the music of the concert, they had been lifted to a higher state of existence, a state of perpetual ecstasy (or, as Peter called it on the album, *satori*.) However, this new world they had been lifted to was very delicate, and because the people of this planet disbelieved and ultimately forgot the occurrence, the power of their group mind negated what had taken place, and the audience members were slowly being returned to this "miserable and rotten existence." The police and other authorities had a difficult time believing this story, and the audience members were either sent off to their parents or mental hospitals. But Peter, on the other hand, apparently accepted the story wholeheartedly (these were, after all, people whom he had seen literally vanish). He made a quick deal with RCA to officially release the bootleg as an album, titled it *Satori*, and issued a short but clear press release: "Do this in memory of me."

The album was released in Europe, but it couldn't get passed by the FCC in the United

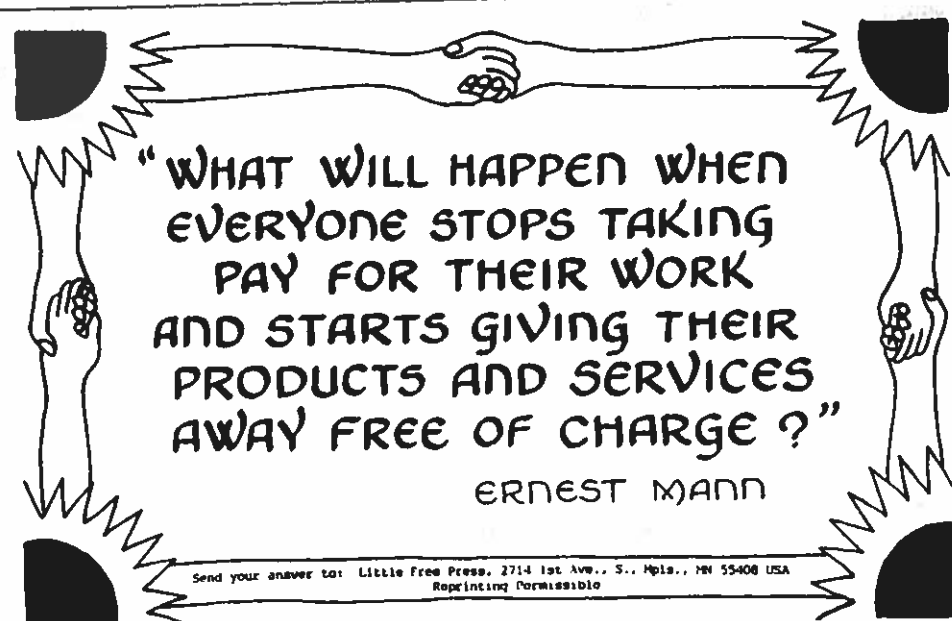
States due to the "hazzardous" and possibly "fatal" sonic frequencies. Not many were printed, fewer were released, and next to none were sold. Those who bought it were mostly critics and collectors, and occult historians or practitioners. And, of course, a few teenagers who bought it just because it was "weird." And what occurred was, without a doubt, weird. While listening to the album, two prominent music critics reportedly suffered mild heart attacks, and a rather famous occult historian committed suicide. Teenagers and those involved in occult practices actually began to disappear. Parents would walk into their teenager's room and find him gone, his clothes and headphones strewn on the bed and *Satori* playing on the turntable. On English moors, police began finding abandoned black robes, dwindling fires, and tape players with *Satori* in them. All of this accompanied by a whole slew of missing person's reports. Parents filed complaints in protest and eventually even formed a committee, PAS (Parents Against Satori), to censor the record. They succeeded.

No more albums were printed, and the master copy was destroyed. RCA recalled all copies record stores still had in stock and had them destroyed. Police forces

throughout Europe destroyed all copies they had in their possession and secretly searched all record stores for copies they may have stashed. The record was declared illegal, and anyone found in possession of it was put in jail. All copies seized were destroyed. So massive was this campaign, that, as was mentioned earlier, only three copies of the record are believed to exist today.

All of this was done with the utmost secrecy, so as not to arouse public attention. The press and RCA were payed-off and then warned that, should they try to leak the story to anyone, they would have their licenses revoked. Peter drifted off into obscurity, and the concert faded away once more.

Since 1978, two armed policemen are stationed outside the Sounds Theatre 24-hours a day. It is rumored in Masterton that their orders are to quickly and quietly dispose of anyone who reappears inside, and that this is why there have been no more reports of reappearing persons. Authorities refuse to comment on the situation. In fact, authorities seem to believe that the situation does not exist at all.



"WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN
EVERYONE STOPS TAKING
PAY FOR THEIR WORK
AND STARTS GIVING THEIR
PRODUCTS AND SERVICES
AWAY FREE OF CHARGE?"

ERNEST MANN

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